



BIRTHDAY
ISSUE...

7
pence....

ALAN
MOORE, 18.11.71

ONCE THERE WERE DEMONS

YOU ARE NOT AS OTHER MEN ARE STRANGE ONE WHO BUT ONE SUCH AS YOU COULD AWAKEN AFTER 12 YEARS, AND KNOW IN AN INSTANT THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER UPON THE EARTH

HOW MUCH STRANGER THEN TO FIND YOUR MIND LINKED WITH THAT OF YOUR SWORN NEMESIS, THE MAN-ROBOT CALLED THE INCUBUS...

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT THESE TUBES MIGHT NOT BE LOCKED?

Plot + Story by ALAN MOORE.

WE ARE ON BOARD AN ALIEN SPACECRAFT. MUTANT. WE ARE PRISONERS OF A RACE CALLED THE QYS. THE QUESTION, FOOL, IS NOT WHERE, BUT WHY, WHY, HOW, AND HOW DO WE ESCAPE?

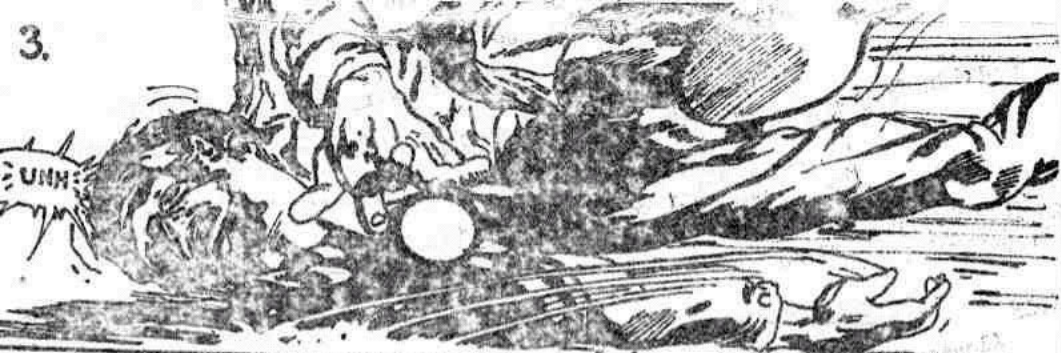
WHO... INCUBUS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHERE ARE WE? WHAT AM I DOING IN A PLASTIGLASS CASE? WHERE ARE YOU, INCUBUS?

YES ELUNDORING, HALF-WIT, IN FACT IT HAS OCCURRED TO ME SEVERAL TIMES...

BUT IF THEY AREN'T LOCKED THEN WHY DON'T WE JUST...
AAAAAHHH!

EZAP!

CONTINUE LATER THIS ISSUE.



IS THAT PAIN, FEAR OR SHOCK MASKING YOUR MUTANT FACE, STRANGE ONE? BLASTED BY THE GUN YOU NEVER SAW IS IT PAIN, FEAR OR SHOCK THAT YOU FEEL IN THE AWFUL REALISATION THAT ANY WEAPON CAPABLE OF KILLING ONE SUCH AS YOU SPRAWLING ACROSS THE SMOOTH DECK OF THE ALIEN SPACESHIP MUST BE EQUALLY CAPABLE OF SHUFFLING OUT ENTIRE STAR SYSTEMS....?



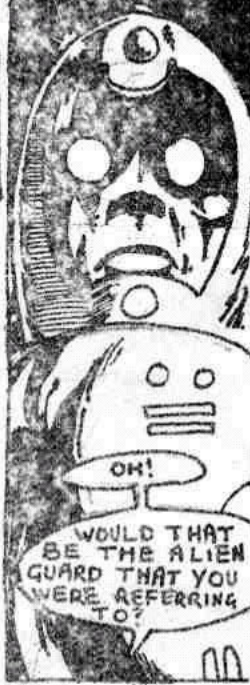
"MUTANT! MUTANT! WAKE UP, CRETIN! THE ALIEN GUARD THAT BLASTED YOU IS GOING TO FIRE AGAIN! GET UP, FOOL, OR WE'RE BOTH LOST."

ONCE
THERE WERE

ART+STORY
BY
ALAN MOORE.

DAEMONS

BE QUIET
INCUBUS.... UHH...
WHAT ALIEN
GUARD ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?



"THE VERY SAME."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ART - STORY
BY ALAN MOORE.

YOU ARE AN ANDROID
SENTINEL OF THE
SPYHOPPING ALIEN
RACE CALLED THE
GYS. WERE YOU ABLE
TO SHOW SURPRISE
YOU WOULD HAVE
SHOWN IT WHEN YOUR
TINY CAPTIVE ROSE
FROM YOUR LETHAL
BLAST.

ONCE THERE WERE DAEMONS

"THE POWER,
MORON...USE
THE POWER."

THUS SPAKE
THE
INCUBUS, WITH
RINGING
ELECTRIC
TONES...

OH CHRIST.

THE FIRST DEMON
IS THE MUTANT JACOB.
THE SECOND, A CYCLOP
CALLED THE INCUBUS.
THE THIRD, YOU SEE
BEFORE YOU NOW...

INVOLVED ARE THE SYMPHONIES OF FATE, ANDROID,
COMPLICATED THE LABYRINTHS OF CHANCE. COULD
EVEN YOUR OMNISCIENT MOTHER-COMPLEX KNOW
THAT EVEN AS YOU PREPARE TO BLAST THE MUTANT
CROUCHING BEFORE YOU, EVEN AS HIS OWN POWER
HELPS TO STRIKE YOU, THAT COUNTLESS LIGHT-YEARS
AWAY, NEAR ALGOL, A THIRD POWER WAXES STRONG...?

HELED WARRIOR
FROM ALGOL...
SUCH ARE THE
HIERARCHY OF HELL.
CONTINUED.

THE WORLD IS
WICK, A PLANET CLOSE
TO THE STAR-SUN
ALGOL. I AM. I AM
KNOWN AS KKLQ,
THE WARLOCK OF
WICK. I AM. I AM
A BLIND WARP-
WIZARD. I CANNOT
SEE. I THINK IT IS
NIGHT. I AM HUNTED.
I AM AFRAID....

ART + STORY: ALAN.



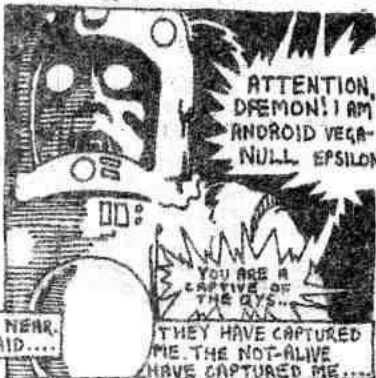
ONCE THERE WERE DAEMONS.



THEY ARE CLOSE AFTER
ME. I AM BLIND. WHO
ARE THEY? I SENSE A
NAME.... QYS... THIS
DOES NOT MAKE LOGIC.
IT IS A NOT-WORD.
I AM BLIND. I FLEE.



THEY ARE NEAR.
I AM AFRAID....



ATTENTION,
DEMON! I AM
ANDROID VEGA-
NULL EPSILON

YOU ARE A
CAPTIVE OF
THE QYS...

THEY HAVE CAPTURED
ME. THE NOT-ALIVE
HAVE CAPTURED ME....